

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

JOSEPH A. GILL, Editor.

COLBY, - - - - - KANSAS.

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

When angry count ten before ever you speak;
The tug of war comes when the Greek meets
Greek.

There's many a true word oft spoken in jest;
Of all kinds of policy honesty's best.

In at one ear and out at the other;
Invention necessity has for its mother.

'Tis a very poor rule that won't work in two
ways;

Don't kill off the goose that the golden egg lays.
Penny wise and pound foolish; first come is
first served;

By another a good turn is always deserved.
Who tries to please all finds he pleases not one;
Who knows his own father must be a wise son.

Your best foot put forward; two wrongs make
no right;

Who fights and away runs again lives to fight.
As old as the hills and as sharp as a knife;
A tongue that is loose stirrith up endless strife.

Willful waste want makes; waste not
and want not;

The kettle is called very black by the pot.
The tongue cuts two ways like a double-edged
sword;

Virtues its own and its only reward.
Tell boldly the truth and the devil you shame;
A rose smells as sweet by a different name.

As you make up your bed so you in it must lie;
If you first don't succeed just again try and try.

When cooks are too many they ruin the broth;
Your coat you must cut with regard to the
cloth.

Patient waiting's no loss; practice what you
may preach;

He never takes any thing—out of his reach.
Whistling girls and hens crowing both come to
bad ends;

Judge a man by his enemies more than his
friends.

Old trust is all dead, for bad pay killed him
quick;

Up like the rocket and down like the stick.
A place for each thing and each thing in its
place;

He a fool for a client who pleads his own
case.

Bray may be a good dog, but Holdfast is better;
As poor as a church mouse and true to the
letter.

He swallows the oyster and hands each a shell;
If you give him an inch he'll take from you an
ell.

—H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

MILLIE, THE ORPHAN.

The Story of Mrs. Reddick's Birth-
day Present.

[Written for this Paper.]

"Say, Mandy—"

"Yes, Rube."

"I've an idea."

"Well, what is it?"

"It kin be to quite a bit ago."

"Ye've bin keepin' it to yerself all
this time, hev ye?"

"Yes, sorter fig'rin' on it."

"Very well, then, I don't want to
hear it."

"Don't git so huffy 'bout it, Mandy,
an' I'll tell ye."

"No, ye needn't! It wouldn't be
the first time ye moped round with
some idee in yer head, keepin' it to
yerself until ye couldn't figger it out,
an' then ye come to me to help ye,
don't ye?"

"I reckon I'll have to say yes, to
please ye."

"Ye needn't try to please me now,
Rube Reddick, it is too late in the
day fer that!" and Mandy rose,
slammed the kitchen door, and sat on
the back door-step.

Mr. Reddick remained in the kitchen
and quietly continued his smoking.

He knew his wife's curiosity would
urge her to return as soon as her fit of
anger was over.

A prosperous farmer was Mr. Reddick,
and one of those who are not
content to follow in the old rut of their
grandfathers, but endeavor to keep
abreast of the times, testing the worth
of every new theory advanced in the
line of agriculture, and invariably suc-
ceeding where their less energetic
neighbors fail. Now he had a comfort-
able home and a considerable sum
placed to his credit in the village bank.

Sixteen years of wedded life found
him without an heir, and to this cause
might be attributed the little "spats"
occurring now and then at the Reddick
farm, which the curious neighbors con-
structed in various ways.

Some shook their heads and said:
"Rube's tuk to drinkin' ag'in, I'm
a'm sure. He abuses the poor critter
of a wife most shamefully."

They were wrong, however. Over
twenty years had rolled away since
Rube had had his last "spree." Since
that time he had not tasted a drop of
any intoxicant, not even the hard cider
of which his slanderers seemed so fond.

Others would say: "Rube would be
all right if it twan't for the pesky wife
o' his'n."

Here again they were wrong, for
Mrs. Reddick was a quiet, industrious
housewife, minding her own affairs,
and striving to make home as cheer-
ful as possible. Her husband knew
this, and therefore entirely ignored the
idle comments of his neighbors. Cer-
tainly, they had a word at times, and
what family does not?

During the day Mr. Reddick revolved
a question over and over again in his
mind, and the longer his "idee" re-
mained visionary, the more he de-
sired it to culminate in reality. He
could hold his secret no longer and de-
termined to ask his wife's opinion in
the matter. His first trial resulted as
we have seen.

Now, while he sat quietly smoking
and thinking, five minutes had worn
away, with Mrs. Reddick still sitting
on the back door-step.

In a few moments more the door
opened softly and Mrs. Reddick en-
tering, returned to her chair by the
window. Neither broke the silence for

a time. Then the good woman, unable
to bear the suspense, mustered up
courage and renewed the conversation.

"Well, Rube, air ye goin' to tell me
what that idee of your'n is?"

"Mebbe," said Rube, with a tantaliz-
ing air of indifference.

"What is it, any way, much impor-
tance to us?"

"Perhaps it is, and mebbe it isn't,"
replied Rube. "But I reckon I'd best
not tell ye an' make it a surprise like."

"Now I want to know—a surprise!"
and Mrs. Reddick wondered what the
surprise would be. In a few days her
fortieth birthday would be at hand,
"an' he intends to make me a nice
present," she thought, a smile flitting
over her handsome features. Mrs.
Reddick was still a handsome woman.

"All right, Rube," said she, arising
to prepare the supper.

After supper Mr. Reddick said he
would go towards town as he had some
business to transact, and that she might
sit up and await his return, if she
wished, adding that he would be pleased
to have her do so, as he intended to be
away but an hour.

"I do wonder what he intends to
surprise me with," Mrs. Reddick asked
herself over and over again.

"Poor Rube, he's always tryin' some
new scheme or other, an' I'm surp he
does it to benefit me as well as him-
self," she reasoned, looking vacantly
out the kitchen window.

Thus she occupied her mind while
tidying up things generally, and so ab-
sent-minded was she an hour afterward
that she never heard the roll of car-
riage wheels up the drive, nor the foot-
steps on the gravel walk until the ve-
randah was reached.

Rube had returned, and with him was
a little child.

He hesitated before opening the door,
holding the trembling orphan by the hand.

"What'll Mandy say," he thought,
and looking down upon the sweet face
before him, he resolved to "face the
music" and have it over with.

He felt the child's hand tremble and
bade her have no fears, that he had
brought her to a nice home where she
would have a new papa and mamma
and lots of good things.

They entered the little parlor, when
Mrs. Reddick turned and discovered
them. For a moment she was speech-
less.

"Rube! what in all creation does
this mean?" she asked, looking from
one to the other with dilated eyes.

"It means, Mandy," he replied,
"that I hev brought ye this poor little
orphan, an' we'll adopt her, an'—"

"Never! sir, never!"

Mrs. Reddick was one of those
women who, not having the blessing
of little ones conferred upon them,
seem to hate the very sight of others'
children.

"Never, Rube; I couldn't do it," she
repeated in a husky voice, the tears
ready to flow at sight of the pleading
face before her.

"Mandy," said Rube, softly, "re-
member what Jesus said—"

"I know, Rube; but I can't take a
mother's place. Ef it wuz a boy, I
mightn't mind it so much."

"Boy! tut, tut!" exclaimed the big-
hearted man, beginning to feel hope-
ful. "Why, Mandy, boys is no account
any way you take 'em. Soon's they're
growed up they start off an' leave the
ole folks to shift for themselves. Not
so with the gals. This is a right smart
little critter, so they tell me at the
poor-house."

The little orphan felt she was not
wanted there and the thought gave her
pain. She looked up in Mr. Reddick's
face and burst into a fit of weeping.

Millie Morewin, or "Little Millie,"
as she was called at the poor-house,
was left an orphan four years previous
to the opening of our story. She had

HE FELT THE CHILD'S HAND TREMBLE.

no living relative that she knew of,
and when her parents died she was
placed at the poor-farm, an institution
noted for kindness to the little ones
placed in its charge.

Mr. Reddick often visited the place,
bearing fruits of all kinds to be dis-
tributed among the children. He
never allowed himself to forget them
on his way to town.

Millie pleased him most with her sad
eyes and winning ways.

The idea of adopting her took com-
plete possession of him. So on this day
he had left word that he would
call in the evening and take Millie
home with him. He had asked the
child if she wished to go, and the
orphan, looking upon Mr. Reddick as
the only friend she had outside the
poor-house, eagerly consented, as she
had long since become deeply attached
to the rough-looking but tender-
hearted farmer.

Now, as she wept and clung to the
one she loved as a father, Mrs. Red-
dick, who was not a hard-hearted
woman by any means, was touched
with a feeling of remorse that she had
spoken as she did.

"My poor little dear," she cried;

"come to me an' I'll try to be a kind
mamma."

Millie ran to her and threw her arms
about the good woman's neck.

"God bless ye, Mandy," said Rube,
in a voice choked with tears. "I
knowed ye'd be pleased with yer pres-
ent."

And Mrs. Reddick was pleased, for
Millie proved a great help to her.

Nine years rolled away and Millie
grew to be a handsome and accom-
plished young lady of seventeen.

"We'll give her a first-class educa-
tion, anyway," said Mr. Reddick,
when the question of sending the little
orphan to school was brought up.

So from the village school to a lad-
ies' seminary Millie found her way in
time, and, having acquired a good edu-
cation, returned to the old folks on the
farm.

One evening they were all seated on
the verandah, Mrs. Reddick busy with

her knitting, Rube nodding in his arm-
chair and Millie reading aloud from a
favorite author.

Some one appeared at the gate.

"Who's this comin', Millie," asked
Mrs. Reddick, as the gate was heard
to swing and a tall man was seen com-
ing up the gravel walk.

As the person drew nearer, Millie
answered: "I don't know, mamma, a
stranger, perhaps."

A stranger it was, and nearing the
verandah he raised his hat to the
ladies and inquired:

"Is this the Reddick farm?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Reddick,
giving her dozing husband a nudge in
the side.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the old man,
"I've bin dreamin', sure's yer born."

He saw the stranger and excused
himself, inviting the gentleman to a
seat.

The visitor might be described as a
man of forty, dark hair and eyes, fea-
tures well formed, wearing a heavy
mustache. He was well dressed and
appeared to be a gentleman in good
circumstances.

"Mr. Reddick," said he, "I have
traveled a long distance—from Aus-
tralia—and am here at last. You will
be surprised, no doubt, when you learn
who I am."

Millie was all attention now.

"I don't reco'nize ye, thet's sure,"
said Mr. Reddick.

"There's somethin' about ye thet
tells me ye air some long-lost friend,
ef I'm not mistaken," said Mrs. Red-
dick, glancing at Millie.

"For the present I'll say I am a
friend," the stranger said, with a smile.

"I reckon I've placed you now,"
said Mr. Reddick, extending his hand,
which was received with a warm clasp.

"Mr. Reddick, I'm very thirsty, and
if you will favor me with a glass of
milk, I shall be ever so much obliged,"
said he.

"Certainly, Mr. Morewin—sir—Mil-
lie, go an' fetch the gentleman some
milk," said Mrs. Reddick.

Millie started when she heard the
name. "Why, that's my name," she
thought, leaving to procure the re-
freshment.

When Millie was gone the old folks
again shook the gentleman's hand.

"So ye're Millie's uncle come to life
gin," said Mr. Reddick.

"Yes," replied Mr. Morewin, "but
I did not wish Millie to know it just
yet."

"There, Mandy, ye've played a smart
trick, ain't ye?"

"I couldn't help it, Rube."

"No harm done at all," Mr. Morewin
assured them. "I thought it would be
nice to surprise her, thet's all—ah,
here she is now," said he, as Millie
came out with a pitcher of milk and a
glass.

"Thank you, Miss—"

"Millie, sir—Millie Morewin."

"Ah, the same name as mine," said
Mr. Morewin, with a glance of admira-
tion at the handsome girl before him.

"Yes, sir, and it seems to me I re-
member seeing you when I was a
child," said Millie with a blush.

"So you did," said Mr. Morewin.

"Then you must be—"

"Your uncle, Millie, and I have
traveled all this distance to find you."

"Oh how happy I am!" exclaimed
Millie, kissing her uncle and running
to Mrs. Reddick for a good cry.

"Well! I'll be switched ef thet ain't
a curious way ter show yer happiness,"
said Mr. Reddick, shaking with laugh-
ter.

Mr. Morewin told his history, from
the time he had left home to seek his
fortune in far-off Australia; of the
many hardships he had endured; of the
fortune favored him. Once he had re-
ceived a letter stating that his brother
and sister-in-law had died and left one
child. He wrote, inquiring about the
child's whereabouts, and was told that
she had been sent to the poor-house.
Knowing that she was in good hands,
he toiled on to increase his fortune, for
Millie's sake, always postponing his

visit home, until at last he concluded
that it was wrong to remain away any
longer, and so started, and here he
was.

It was a joyous gathering at the
Reddick farm that night.

Next day they all took a drive
through the country, Mr. Morewin be-
ing well-pleased with its appearance.
He said he had intended to return to
Australia with his niece, but did not
know what was best to do.

"Oh uncle," pleaded Millie, "don't
think of taking me away from papa
and mamma after all they have done
for me."

"Can't we all go?" asked Mr. Mor-
win, with a smile.

"We could not leave the farm, Mr.
Morewin, said Mrs. Reddick, with
tears of gratitude in her eyes for the
kind words spoken by the orphan she
had learned to love so dearly.

So it was arranged that Millie's
uncle should remain with the old folks
on the farm. He sold his interest in
Australia, and with a large fortune at
his disposal, made many improvements
about the place, built a handsome resi-
dence near the old home, furnished it
in the latest style throughout and pre-
sented it to the old folks. The old
home was held for the use of hired
help.

"Nor were the children at the poor-
house forgotten. Every child received
a gift, and the keepers each were sur-
prised with a handsome check for their
kindness to the fatherless and moth-
erless ones left to the world's pity."

Millie has a number of suitors but
Harry Brown, son of a neighboring
farmer, stands the best chance of win-
ning her hand and fortune.

They are all happy now, and the old
folks bless the idea that came to them
in the long ago, when they adopted
Millie, the orphan.

M. J. ADAMS.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY.

Fresh Paragraphs on Themes Pleasing to
the Fair Sex.

Long wraps are made of various
sorts of cloth suitings and camels
hair fabrics. They have loop or dol-
man sleeves and coat sleeves in those
that are close fitting. An inside belt
holds them in place and ribbons tie
them at the throat. A very stylish
new long wrap is made of camels hair
in a dark shade of bronze with full
length vest and gray cut and fringe
plush in block pattern. The collars
and the cuffs of the dolman sleeve are
of the plush, rich broad, cord and ball
ornaments are across the front, and
epaulets to match. Plain plush wraps
will be popular; they will be trimmed
with flat trimming and have epaulets
of fine beads with long drooping chains
of bead strands. Brocaded velvet
wraps are also in favor, of beaded
fringes there is any variety of shapes
on wraps, and many are made of faille
elaborately trimmed with lace.

A very beautiful gown imported was
made of pearl-gray vigogne and
striped velours, had a plain skirt of
the stripe full and very elaborate, three-
part drapery of the gray, with stitched
plaits at the top of the back, and a waist
of gray with an application of the stripe
on the right side about the shape of the
old-time breast-plate. This was held
in place by big silver buttons set
slanting, and, though to our minds it
was rather bizarre, still it was consid-
ered stylish. Cashmeres are the goods
for this time of the year.

High waists of cashmere with long
sleeves and a straight, full gathered
skirt are most useful dresses, as they
do not require a gümpe. The front
of the waist is slightly pointed; the
back is round, reaching just to the
waist line, and is buttoned up closely
with small velvet-covered button-
molds. The collar is a high band of
velvet, and the long sleeves have a
slight puff of velvet at the top and vel-
vet cuffs. The edge of the pointed
waist is covered with velvet. To make
this frock more dressy the waist is
given a quaint old-fashioned look by
being shirred on the shoulders, the
fullness drawn thence in three folds
down each side along the chest, gradu-
ated to meet in the middle four inches
above the point, where it is held in
eight or ten cross-rows of shirring.

In making this waist it is well to place
the middle fold of the cashmere down
the middle of the front of the silesia
lining from the neck to the point, and
thence spread on the fan-shaped full-
ness as described above, leaving a per-
fectly plain space just below the
throat. The sleeves are coat-shape,
with a round cuff of velvet, and a very
small velvet puff that extends only
across the top, not around the entire
arm-hole. The skirt may also be made
more dressy by having a second skirt
or overskirt half the length of the
lower skirt, bordered with two or three
tucks an inch deep above a wider hem;
in some cases this overskirt is open in
front, beginning next the shirring in
the pointed waist; the tucks then con-
tinue up each side of the front. This
dress is prettily made of white cash-
mere, with green velvet collar and
cuffs, or of old rose camel's hair, with
deeper rose velvet striped with pale
rose satin, or else Suede cashmere
with golden brown velvet. The darker
navy and Gobelins blue cashmere
dresses have sometimes rows of picot
velvet ribbon added above the hem
of the skirt. Large plaids of red and
blue wool, or of brown with blue, or
stripes of these two contrasting colors
are made up for every-day dresses
with the plain, high pointed waist and
gathered skirt. —Buffalo (N. Y.)
Times.

Pennsylvania shows more than
fifty volumes on scientific subjects at
the American Exhibition in London,
all published by the State or by Penn-
sylvanians.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

How to Conduct Them to the Advantage
of All Attendants.

Meetings of farmers for the purpose
of listening to lectures and engaging in
discussing matters pertaining to rais-
ing crops, feeding and breeding ani-
mals, and managing estates have for
many years been held in various parts
of the country, and have been produc-
tive of great good. During the past
few years they have been conducted in
a more systematic manner than ever
before, and the results were in all re-
spects more satisfactory.

The usefulness of farmers' institutes
depends very largely on the way they
are conducted. Often much time is
wasted in forms and ceremonies. There
is a long address of welcome by the
mayor or head man in the place and a
response by the president of the insti-
tute. These consume time and are of
no practical value. An institute should
commence like a day's work on the
farm at seeding time—by coming right
down to business. The persons pres-
ent are presumed to be welcome or
they would not be there. All pretty
speeches that do not pertain to the
matters under consideration can be dis-
pensened with. A brass band or a glee
club is as much out of place at a farm-
ers' institute as in a harvest-field or a
threshing-yard. A meeting of farmers
called for the purpose of acquiring in-
formation should not be a variety per-
formance. The desire for social pleas-
ures should not cause it to be convert-
ed into a picnic. A circus or minstrel
performance is all well enough in its
way, but it does not enlighten a farm-
er on the way to secure a large crop of
potatoes or inform him how to keep
his apple orchard free from rabbits and
destructive insects.

There is always danger that politi-
cians, patent-right sharps and persons
who have hobbies to ride and axes to
grind, will seek to occupy the time at
a farmers' institute. They should be
treated like book-canvassers, light-
ning-rod contractors and sewing-ma-
chine agents. They can be told to
call some fair day when the hall where
the meetings are held is locked up.

The most successful farmers are not
always the best persons to conduct in-
stitutes or even to read papers. A
man may manage a farm admirably,
but make a complete failure in man-
aging a farmers' institute or in making
an address before one. Many excel-
lent farmers are bashful; others unac-
customed to writing essays or speak-
ing in public. They have valuable
ideas, but it is hard for them to com-
municate them to an audience of
strangers. They are good men to
have at an institute, and much valu-
able information can be obtained from
them by a judicious system of ques-
tioning. Many men not engaged in
farming are well versed in various de-
partments of social economy. In
almost every country in the world
ministers have done more to enlarge
our knowledge of bees than the mem-
bers of any other profession.

There is generally a disposition on
the part of the managers of farmers'
institutes to arrange for affording in-
structions on a great variety of sub-
jects in order to make the exercises in-
teresting and profitable to all that may
be present. It is ordinarily the case
that quite too many topics are dis-
cussed. So short a time is given to
each that it is not treated with suffi-
cient detail and thoroughness. The
instruction on it is of a general char-
acter, and resembles that in an ele-
mentary text-book. This is not what
educated farmers of large experience
want. They desire to obtain the in-
formation that only experts, special-
ists, investigators and experimenters
have acquired. The exercises of a
farmers' institute rarely ever extend
beyond a week, and are generally con-
fined to four days. The whole range
of farm industries can not be profit-
ably considered in that time. The
consideration of one standard field
crop, one kind of live-stock, one sort
of fruit, and one subject connected
with the business of running a farm is
enough to engage the attention of an
institute that remains in session for
four days. —Chicago Times.

From His Point of View.

A fragment of conversation between
two strangers on a railroad train:

First stranger—The number of rail-
road accidents seems to be increasing
every year.

Second stranger—So it seems.

First stranger—Perhaps we shall
ourselves be dead before another ten
minutes.